

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Maistris quickly*? how does thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Hof.* Good my Lord, heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they picke pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou beleue me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds apeece, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Hof.* So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and, my Lord, hee speaks most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Hof.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee, Goe you thing, goe.

*Hof.* Say, what thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Hof.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue, to call mee so.

*Fal.* Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

*Hof.* Say, what beast, thou knaue, thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Hof.* Thou art an yniust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou sayest true, *Hofesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grossely.

*Hof.* So hee doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,  
You

You ought him a thousand pound.

*Prin.* Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou owest me thy loue.

*Hof.* Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and sayd he would cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardoll*?

*Bar.* Indeed, *Sir Iohn*; you sayd so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.

*Prin.* I say tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why *Hall*? thou knowst, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Fal.* The King himselfe is to be feared, as the Lyon: doest thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But sirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine; it is all filld vp with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocke: Why thou horefon impudent Imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of Bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou heare, *Hall*? Thou knowst, in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confesse then you pick my

*Prin.* It appeares so by the story. (pocket.

*Fal.* *Hofesse*, I forgine thee: goe make ready breakefast, loue thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cherish thy Ghests, thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason: thou teell I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone.

*Exit Hofesse.*  
Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that answered?

*Prin.*